Volume III Chicago, Ill., March, 1927 Number 12

The Liberal

ASSURANCE

Did the Spring e'er fail of its mission sweet
After the rush of the northern snows?
Then why should we care, since under the snow
Sleeps the summer rose?

—Charles Hanson Towne.

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Preston Bradley, D. C. L.

THE LIBERAL

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PITY THE POOR PREACHER

By Glenn Frank.

One of the favorite indoor sports of our time is criticizing the clergy. If the preacher sticks to the sort of sermonizing on which our fathers were fed, we say that he is too other-worldly for this urgently practical generation.

If the preacher presumes to talk to us about the moral implications of our businesses and professions, we say that he is meddling in matters that have no place in the pulpit.

I shall not undertake to list the medley of caustic and contradictory criticisms that are piled upon the head of the modern minister. I want simply to raise one question that I think we should ask before undertaking to discuss the effectiveness or the ineffectiveness of any clergyman.

Are we not asking the impossible of the modern clergyman?

I remember, as an editor, having printed what was to me a fascinating paper by John Moore on "The Cure of Souls in the Modern Church." In that paper, Mr. Moore painted a picture of the diverse demands we make upon the minister. "The modern minister," he said, "is required to possess as many qualifications as would make a dozen respectable reputations." We ask him, Mr. Moore reminded us, to be four different men at once.

1. We ask the minister to be a priest.

As priest, we expect him to be mystic mediator between our earth-bound and business-obsessed minds and the world of the spirit. This is a bigger and broader role than the role of ethical adviser on matters of day-to-day conduct. But this subtle business of the priestly function can hardly be mastered by men in the roar and rustle of committee rooms and calling days.

2. We ask the minister to be a prophet.

As prophet, we expect him to be a gadfly to our complacency, to keep up a continual moral analysis of our business, our politics, our literature, our education; we expect him to be an expert in the moral meanings of modern life and practices; we expect him to discover and denounce the new ways in which we are committing the old sins; we expect him to be a moral inventor, showing us new and better ways to practice the ancient virtues.

3. We ask the minister to be a pastor.

As pastor, we expect him to come to know the men and women and children of his parish and to be their ethical adviser; we expect him to bring both sympathy and science to his task; we expect him to bring us comfort when we are in sorrow and courage when we are crestfallen; we expect him to instruct us and our children in the art and science of building decent and dynamic characters.

4. We ask the minister to be a president.

As president, we expect him to be the effective executive of the various organizations of the church; we expect him to be at once a shepherd of souls and the superintendent of a plant.

The modern ministry calls for a sort of synthetic man into the making of which has gone a medieval saint, a carelessly courageous agitator, an expert in mental hygiene and the hustling head of a business corporation.

Let's remember this when next we criticize the clergy.

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"HAS LIFE ANY MEANING?"

A Sermon By Dr. Bradley in The Peoples Church, March 13, 1927. Stenographically Reported.

There are two ways in which I could discuss this subject this morning. First, the way of the pure physicist, the man who looks upon the universe in terms of physical values and who by a persistency in application of the intellectual energy necessary to a discovery of the laws of the physical universe, attempts to answer the question as to whether life has any meaning or not. That would be a discussion of this question from a purely technical, cold standpoint of intellectual investigation; to go out into the universe, the physical world about us, the universe operating under the administration of that which we have chosen to call Law, a universe which obeys certain known laws of operativeness, then when any of those laws are violated, a reaction results in chaos and disaster to the physical constituency of the universe.

There are those who look about the physical universe and can see in it nothing that pre-supposes intelligence, intelligence by way of administration toward the definiteness of certain results. Their whole observation is that it is on its way, but it does not know where it is going; that it has no rightly directed intelligent will; that stars follow their course, but they themselves are dead and pulseless things. That life, inanimate, paradoxical as it is, does have manifestation. We are beginning to see with our new application of electronic energy, that a substance we called reality in matter, is modifying itself rapidly almost within twenty-four hours of laboratory investigation. But that the universe that we designate as the physical, the sphere of our own personal relationship, is a universe without directing intelligence, without modification, with only an adjustment to certain propensities leading up a blind alley.

The mechanistic viewpoint of the universe, in its physical sense, injected over into the philosophic "Has Life any Meaning?" brings us to the situation of pantheism, for the same type of mind that is unable to approximate upon pantheistic idealism of the world of the inanimate, is the same type of mind that brings to the world of the personal, the human universe a behaviorism which bases all conduct and all action upon merely glandular influences or stupefaction of moral caliber or some of the other things that leave the individual hopeless by way of judgment and helpless by way of formation.

The same type of mind that looks out in the physical universe and seeks only the mechanistic transposed into the world of human values is the type that is anchored to the philosophy of behaviorism, that type that permits no freedom of will, the type who believes that every individual life is predestined over certain objections over which we have no control whatsoever; that what we are is determined by glandular action somewhere or cellular influences; that every one moulds and directs the course of your life, based, not upon yourself, not upon your individual identities, not upon the fact that you are rich or poor, not upon the fact that you are tall or short, not upon the fact that you are slim or fat, not upon any identities of your own personality, but that you are the victims of some strange gesture that puts a cell or a gland at criss-cross with the normalistic behaviorism of life and instead of ascending to prosperity and power in the world of life, you find yourself in murderer's cell or in a felon's grave;

that we are the victims of some strange twisting, some strange thing that we call destiny or fate.

Now, the mind that represents the purely mechanistic viewpoint of life, when injected into the realm of behaviorism and psychology, without any effort whatever, the only answer to such a question "Has Life Any Meaning?"—if everything is determined by physical relationships, and those physical relationships direct a physical influence upon the moral and spiritual values, how is it possible for individual responsibility to be strengthened and the individual not to collapse? Life has no meaning, if pre-determination, by some process over which we have no control, is the moulding factor of our life. There is no fight left in you, if there is a predetermination of your destiny. And the moment you sit down and admit that Fate is against you, that you are born with this pre-disposition, of the victim of that inheritance, or that you bear some relationship to the physical world about you, damned by our modern psychology of consequences and behaviorism that resolve all collapses to some form of complex and who place the surest way to moral collapse and chaos is through the principle of repression and only by releasement of cellular inherited tendencies do we retain our moral and intellectual sanity.

The modern behavioristic school of psychology has incorporated into its teachings until they can directly trace between such behaviorism and the utter collapse of the will, so when an individual comes face to face with some extra pressure and the moral values of life are meeting an unprecedented test and there comes an opportunity when issues are so marked and so definite that we need all the strength of character which we possess in order to rise over the stain and slime of life, then that individual surfeited with the philosophy that they are victims or that they are filled with complexes and repressions, and if these repressions are sustained, then mental equilibrium is destroyed. That philosophy has done more to bankrupt the modern youth than any philosophy the world has ever had or ever has known, the philosophy of behavioristic fatalism, whereby the only escape toward moral sanity and normality of life is to be found in giving vent to repressions, and only by giving vent to those repressions do we establish our sanities.

Such a philosophy, my friends, will not bear the test of moral equations. It is but evidence of itself, and when I find people anchoring to such behaviorism I discover a twisted type of their own consciousness, and the very things that they needed most to straighten them out in the matter are the very things that they are most frequently deprived of in their processes of human life.

To that type of mind then life has not much meaning; it could not have much meaning. And, of course, logically, when there comes that moment of complete collapse is the effort to escape life through some process of our own; when we find that we face an impregnable wall of stark incapacity to adjust our life, when there is collapse of will, when there is a collapse of intelligence—and the real secret of education is not so much the cultivation of the mind into those processes by which wisdom is the ultimate of knowledge, but wisdom always follows knowledge—but the ultimate of education is to be found in the fact that associated with a trained intellect there goes a trained will. For what this world needs, my friends, today, is not so much more intellect as it needs more will. Put with your educated brain an educated will; become the master through the power of the will, and then instead of collapse in the presence of every extra pressure of life, then, instead of feeling surfeited with behavioristic tendencies of philosophy whereby you excuse your weakness and your failures by

saying "Well, I inherited it. I have a gland in my neck, or I have a duct, or something happened, and because it is necessary for me not to repress myself, but to give vent and to order my life along the basis of my repressions that I may retain my sense of values." Instead of that, we can have a trained mind, an educated will, and a sense of values.

Do you know, I think that the thing that we need paramount in our moral world today is a sense of values. Most of us are simply so immersed in the great expressions of our lives that have to do with things that are most needed to our care and sustenance that we become myopic in our sense of values.

What is success? Success is knowing where to place the emphasis. That is success.

And if every life in this audience this morning that is discouraged and broken hearted and down-trodden and weak and buffeted and storm tossed, if every life here this morning would for a moment analyze the situation you would discover that your present condition is largely due to your incapacity of knowing where to place the emphasis on life. Look at the way you exhaust your physical energies, for instance. Just look at yourself physically for a moment, and see the way you exhaust yourself physically over things that do not matter. You tire your bodies out with mere nothingness; exhaustion of our physical energies, in things that do not matter, without any sense whatever to the proportions and the values of life.

Why, I have seen lives that are twisted, lives that are disturbed, lives that are upset; I come in contact with people giving evidence of all sorts of physical distortion, physical inequalities, hysteria, just unable to touch life without touching it with overemphasis on that which is the least importance.

And the first thing that a life that is in turmoil has to do is to sit down and face the issue. That is the most difficult thing. That is the first essential to straighten out your life. You either have to do it alone or with somebody you can trust. You must go to your physician or to a good psychologist or to a dear intimate friend, if you lack the heroic capacity to do it yourself. You are compelled, if you straighten out and straighten up, to get the thing in its true perspective by association with someone that is in control and master of their life. That is the essential thing for you. Look at the issue right straight in the face, not having hysteria or some acquired characteristic of falsity in regard to your own condition. Then the thing that happens is a continuous enfoldment, and you begin to develop and see where the emphasis ought to be placed, and the thing becomes increasingly clear and the thing that you thought was overpowering you is not overpowering you at all and the thing that you minimized as of no importance in your life is the thing that is of supreme importance, as you shall discover after a careful analysis.

And to every life here today that is discouraged and that has buffeted the storms, the first thing to do is not to follow every little wisp here and there and everywhere in all of the various arts of healing and so forth, in all of the various cults of religion and mind. The first thing to do is to find an anchorage in the life of someone else. The first thing to do is to get a perspective of values, and you cannot get that perspective unless you possess almost superhuman intelligence, and unless you are actually so intellectually keen as to the defects that you can bring your will immediately into action into the problem and adjust yourself in its own processes. But the primary thing is to face the situation.

And then what is the next? Objective. I think that's what's the matter with the world, anyhow, is this question of an objective. If I could look into every individual

life and ask you "What is your objective; what are you living for? Young man, what is your objective in life? What is life to you as an individual?" I ask that of you right now, of you. And you turn the eyes of the soul into yourself and ask yourself the question, "What am I living for? What is this all about?" Respectability, food, drink, anything to make life sort of a livable expression? What are you living for? What is your objective in life?

When I was over in Canada this summer I went to Niagara Falls. I saw the Shredded Wheat Biscuit Plant. They had a sign over the plant that said "Tell me what you eat, and I will tell you what you are."

Tell me what your objective is and I will read your character. Let me know what you are living for, and I will tell you about yourself, although I may never know a single detail. Let me know what the objective of your life is and I will tell you what you are.

What do I mean by an objective? I mean an objective as the resultant of a life motive to be trained and increased by attainment.

What do I mean by that?

Let me give you a specific example.

My objective ever since I went in the ministry was to have a church of my own, a free platform as we have here. It is not as large as I would like, but there are a lot of things I would like, but as it was we spent more money than we had. But it was an objective. This beautiful auditorium here, two thousand seats, was an objective. It colored all the life of my ministry; my dream temple, my dream temple! I closed my eyes in sleep for thirteen years dreaming of this temple.

Now it was my objective.

Do you think that because we have attained it as an objective that I have stopped having an objective? The day we dedicated this temple I increased my objective. That is what I mean when I say it is objective attainment, but with objective attainment, it can be increased. And so I am not going to stultify and let myself grow into a rut merely because this objective has been attained. I dream of buying everything between here and Clarendon and building a great people's institute to teach young people of Chicago who because of economic and industrial conditions cannot go to the colleges and universities as can some of the more fortunate boys. But I would like to build a great people's institution for the inspiration of the young people who have to work part of the time for their education. Another thing, I would build a great hospital here between here and Clarendon.

My objective, ladies and gentlemen, is only started. Just begun. And what does that do to me? It gives life a meaning, doesn't it?

What is your objective? Suppose you are sick this morning, and you are nervous, and you are dragged down. When you are paying the penalty for this Americanitis that strikes so many American people. Perfectly appalling to see the young men at fifty breaking down. Breaking down! Having arterio-sclerosis, sclerosis of the liver, and nervous breakdown. Why? In the first place they have not learned the art of placing the emphasis; and, in the second place, they exhaust themselves physically over things that didn't matter. And they lost this art of emphasis.

I think living is a fine art. Living is a fine art. And there are many of us who never think of living in terms of fine art at all. But I think of it as a fine art. We see people every day breaking down. I had a man who came to me and said, "Well, Dr. Bradley, I don't think you ought to take such a long vacation in the summer." Every little while somebody tells me that. I had a man in my church, who was quite prominent some years ago, come to me and say "Dr. Bradley, I don't think you ought to take such

a long vacation." He came to me, one Sunday and said "Dr. Bradley, I have never taken a vacation in my life." He straightened up and said it with a great deal of pride. I went away on my vacation into the woods, where I am going every year, and if you people do not like it, you will have to get a new preacher. Because that is exactly what I am going to do. I am going to work and to rest in the out-of-doors. No man can be creative and give himself nine months in the year without filling up his soul out there where things are genuine and true and beautiful.

Now, then, he said to me "I think that you hadn't ought to go."

I came back in October, and in November, that man in his office picked up his telephone receiver, and they found him dead. Autopsy revealed that every artery in his body was as brittle as a pipe stem. He was fifty-one years of age. I preached his funeral service. I looked into his face in that casket, and I heard him say again, as he said previously "Dr. Bradley, I have never been on a vacation in my life." He was only fifty-one, and he has been dead four years.

One of the big things to learn in life is "value" and one of the big values is to learn the art of playing and relaxation of the type that does not scar or hurt the soul. That will do more to help your life than anything else. Learn how to play.

A whole lot of the vicious reactions come from artificial stimulation means, and that could be gained without any artificial means if they knew how to play. I am talking about its physical reaction today. You get the same thing when you learn how to play. Most everybody is taking himself a little too seriously anyhow. I meet people every week. They are all tired out; their faces are strained and all deeply lined. They come in and carry the burden of the whole world on their shoulders. And they come to me and say "Dr. Bradley, what will I do?" The first thing I say is "Smile! Smile. Why, this world is not depending on you! You don't have to carry all the burden. What is the use of you taking the thing so seriously as though it all depended on you?"

A woman the other day came in, all excited; she could hardly talk. I said, "What's the matter with you?" "Well, I am so upset." Why, my friends, that is not going to help. Laugh! Laugh! Whistle! Do anything just to get over this contemptible Americanitis, which is responsible; it squeezes the spiritual until the end is moral collapse.

And the test of a man or woman, as I have said before, is not what you do every day.

The old idea of ethics that said "Well, he was a very good man, most of the time; he was true to his wife—most of the time; he was a good friend—most of the time." Does that determine a person's character? What you are is not what you do most of the time at all. Not at all. What you are is what you do in an emergency. That is what your character is. Tell me what you do in an emergency when every test of your brain and every test of your will has to speak. Let me see you then, and I will tell you what you are. It is not what we do when life moves along like a song and everything is fine.

Then, another thing. I want to tell you about this question of life, has it any meaning, the thing that will help you I think is this: That no failure is ever final. No failure is ever final! Now there are a lot of people in the world that act as though it were. And if you fail tremendously and have fallen and besmirched yourself, you will have a terrible difficulty, a terrible job to get back, because there are so many good Christians in the world; there are so many who have forgotten that Jesus ever said "He that is without sin cast the first stone." There are a lot of stone-casters in the world who are very adept at casting

stones because their own lives have never been discovered; but they would not cast so many stones if the world knew them, as it may know the one that has fallen.

And I know of nothing that establishes more the real character of the sweetness and the essence of the Gospel of Jesus than the character of forgiveness, and I know that is so far deserted by the modern church.

A double standard of morality that persists today throughout the whole Christian world. Men can do things that women are damned for, and damned forever. You go back into the past history of our whole struggle in regard to these matters, and what do we find? We find that thing is true, absolutely true.

And my position is, and I think it is a Christian position—although I am called an atheist, and everything else by the Christians sometimes,—but my position is that it does not matter what you have been; it only matters what you are becoming. It does not matter where you have failed, and who of us dare assume to be the dictator or who of us have not failed? If we were all to pay the price forever for our failure, there would be no future for any of us, would there? Would you want it all told? Would you? There is a secret in everyone's life. And you have taken life and you have lived it, and some of you have failed, and you feel there is no future. Remember this: There is no failure yet that is final. No failure, young man, that is final. Begin where you are, and if they don't receive you, don't let it discourage you. Keep on fighting. You will ultimately have what is far more than the applaud of the multitude; you will redeem your own self-respect. And I would rather have that Preston Bradley think well of Preston Bradley than to have all the world think well of Preston Bradley, and Preston Bradley know that he did not deserve it.

And that is the rule of life that will help you in your problems. You remember this story.

"I stood watching a stream in the Alps in Italy once and I saw a picturesque lumberman; the lumbermen were working with the logs that were coming down from the hillsides, and I saw him selecting these logs, and I could not see any external distinction in the logs, and finally I said to him "What about these logs? You are putting some here and these you let pass by?" He said, "Why, you see that log there? That log came from the valley in the low lands, it never was buffeted by the winds and storms and tempests; that log grew straight up with coarse grain; it never had to fight, that log." And he said "So we keep it for the poorer lumber. Its grain is coarse. But you see that log there, that log came from the crags and the hill-tops, that log came from a tree that stood there and faced the elements; that lumber has been bent and twisted and broken by the winds from the time it was a little sapling, that log has been compelled to fight to become a tree, and the result of the warfare is that that log has a fine grain; that log makes perfect timber and it goes into the finest furniture that is made in Italy."

So it is with life. If you live a protected, sequestered life in the valley, your grain is coarse, but some of you have to stand on mountain peaks, some of you have had to pay the penalty, some of you have been buffeted by the winds and storms and tempests, some of you have been made more finely grained because of the tempests that have been washing across your soul, standing there on the crags. But life is worth it all. We are not the blind victims of some revengeful God upon the chess-board of fate, playthings of some angry destiny. I am I; you are you. I am going to take every failure and every defect and every collapse and mould it into an inspiration for victory.

No person is a failure until you admit it.

Have you admitted it? Well, then, there is no hope!

And the old platitude is: No person is down and out unless they admit it.

And the future can be yours! Hear me, sick tired souls, the future can be yours. Stand up. Take out your will and dust it off. Let us see that you have that will that is going to control now and take charge of things. Your will, and then let the storms come. Let them laugh, let them criticize, let them make faces. What do you care? They have probably laughed at better folks than we are, and they probably will to the end of time. But we are going to take hold of life.

Hear me now, now, you, you people yonder on the air, you discouraged folks here this morning. see, can't you see a new birth of life? A renaissance of your souls?

Now your heart is pumping a little clearer. See the miracle!

The miracle of the new birth, to make life what it ought to be, full of meaning, full of beauty, comrades with the stars, lovers of the sun-sets, friends of the friendless. Oh, I would have you in love with life; get in love with life and all the wrongs will straighten out themselves and all the darkness will be made ugly and all the rain will turn into sunshine. For life has a meaning. It has a meaning.

Hear me! Life has a meaning. And the larger life of all the world will be what it is because of my fidelity to the life that I have to live. And I do not want to hurt the larger life of all by not living my life high and fine!

BOOK CHATS

I was sitting at my desk in the office of the Peoples Church. It was Sunday evening, March 20, and the time was seven forty-five. Outside it was raining and a high wind was blowing. I heard voices in the outer office. I recognized one as the voice of Dr. R. W. Lee, the chairman of our Sunday Evening Forum. I knew that with him must be Dr. Will Durant, our Forum speaker for the evening.

I was thrilled. I never make an address or preach a sermon without feeling exceedingly nervous and I never meet someone worthwhile without feeling somewhat upset. I know I could never undergo successfully the ordeal of being presented at Court. That would be too much.

I have wanted to meet Will Durant ever since I read the fifteen Little Blue Books which he wrote for E. Haldeman-Julius and which constitute the major part of his "Story of Philosophy." Dr. Lee introduced us. At last, I have met Will Durant! Strange, isn't it how we form impressions of people before we meet them and then discover that they are not at all like what we had imagined. Everything I had thought about the personality of Durant was wrong. I had pictured the academic type—the sort of man one thinks of when we say, "A typical college professor." Instead, I found standing before me a very vital and magnetic personality. I had thought of him as being tall he is short; I had thought of him as being thin, he is stocky; I had thought of him as being old, he is young; I had thought of him as being somewhat pedantic and obstruse, he is the direct opposite: in fact Will Durant is about the most vibrant and sensible man I have ever met.

As I greeted him I called his attention to the several volumes of his book there on my table waiting for his signature. He smiled and taking his pen from his pocket autographed the books with just a slight evidence that he considered the request a compliment. Will Durant is very human. He is glad when people like his books. He admitted that he

was striving to write a book on philosophy that the people would like.

After autographing the books he turned to Dr. Lee and said, "Must we begin at once? I should like a moment to catch my breath." As he sat down he confessed his weariness. He was tired. I knew exactly how he felt. In the afternoon he had debated with Prof. Smith of the University of Chicago, on "Is Democracy a Failure?" in the Erlanger Theater, under the auspices of the Chicago Forum. Later he had visited a friend suffering from arthritis. Obviously this experience had considerably depressed him. He rested a moment and then we went to the pulpit.

We were greeted by a fine audience of over 800 people. Dr. Lee introduced me and I introduced Dr. Durant. In my introduction I merely told the story of the "Story of Philosophy." Will Durant was given a most cordial welcome. The audience helped him from the beginning. I could see the inspiration of the audience gradually lifting him out of his wearines as it has done hundreds of times for me. This is the price of inspiration. Sometime probably our bodies will exact payment for every experience of this character.

It was a great address. The subject was "Is Progress Real?" Durant is not an orator as we usually think of oratory. He is not at all forensic but his gestures and voice modulation adjust themselves to his ideas in most convincing relationships. I was somewhat curious during the first forty minutes of his lecture as to where he would arrive. At times he was depressing and hopeless but his conclusion left no doubt as to his confidence in the reality of progress. He was even more convincing during the question period. He was at one with many of the philosophers as to the ultimate ambition of life not being a form of happiness. Repeatedly did he affirm that it was no concern of his to be merely happy. That true progress consists only in capacity to assimilate happiness and sorrow. Then he quoted Nietzche's well known statement "that which does not kill me, makes me stronger." His last sentence was, "The youth of today are to see great times."

It was a wonderful evening for me and for all who were there. An abiding impression was made. As he left the platform he was greeted by many with "The Story" under their arms waiting to have him write his name. This he gladly did. Durant is gracious, kindly, sympathetic, profound, tolerant, and fundamental. What a fine thing it would be if such a personality could multiply itself a thousand fold and come in touch with the thousands of young people today who are wondering what life is all about. It surely is about something and Will Durant has a rather clear idea of what that something consists. He will speak for us again next season.

Many have asked me what I think of Sinclair Lewis' "Elmer Gantry." I have read every word of it. It is sewerage and garbage! I shall never mention it again!

Preston Bradley.

YE EDITORS GO A TOURING

(Continued from February Number.)

The heat and discomfort of the night was only increased with daylight and sunshine of the next morning. But something so pleasant had happened we almost felt relief from the atmospheric conditions! Some friends telephoned from a nearby hotel, friends whom we did not dream were nearer Boston than Sioux Falls, So. Dakota, where they lived! Sure enough there they were

awaiting us, having expected to surprise us by their presence on the steamer from Duluth to Buffalo, and a change in our plans had caused us to sail a day later. We had a jolly breakfast together and then strolled down Fremont St. to King's Chapel.

We wanted Jim and Art and the "N" family to see this precious memorial of Colonial days. There it has stood in the heart of Boston, offering peace, solace and quiet meditation to countless numbers through all the wars this country has ever known, through riots and bloodshed of the early days and commercial strife and civic greed and growth of the present. The first church was wooden, erected in 1689, and the present stone structure was built on the same site in 1749, according to the cornerstone. King's Chapel is different from any other church I know of;—its simplicity, its quiet, beauty and peace and that something which is indescribable thrills one thru and thru. The handsome pulpit, erected in 1717, is the oldest in this country still in use on its original site. There are many monuments, busts and tablets all around the walls, memorials to men and women of note who worshiped in King's Chapel. One of more recent date than most of them bore the name of Oliver Wendell Holmes, and his pew in the gallery is looked upon with interest. The graceful pillars supporting the gallery, the pews and other woodwork all in ivory white, the upholstery in rose-red damask gives a note of color in exquisite tone; quaint little doors close in the pews from the broad tiled aisle, making them cute square and in each there is an iron umbrella stand. Leaving the church we entered the little cemetery at the side and lingered a while reading inscriptions on old tombstones, many crumbling away, having marked their dead for over two hundred years. I never go to Boston without visiting King's Chapel.

Deciding it would be more fun to ride in a "Sight-Seeing Bus" than to drive around in our own cars we all secured seats on an open bus with a young man standing on the running board talking through a huge megaphone, explaining points of interest with many trite witticisms (?) Anyway we laughed a great deal and enjoyed the experience; but my recollections are somewhat run together—a conglomerate mass—parks, homes of old Boston,—the stop off at the wharf where "Old Ironsides" is docked, and we went aboard and were shown all over this gallant old warrior, which was exceedingly interesting. The old Market Place—Daniel Webster's office, Paul Revere's Shop — Solomon Levi's (the original of the old college song!) and—the slums, —every place was fairly sputtering in the heat, but—the slums were a seething caldron of humanity! The street was so narrow the bus could just pass thru it, scattering children like leaves in a fall wind; men, women, children, dogs,—crowded doorways, steps, sidewalks, bulging out of every window and hanging over fire escapes. There were vegetable and fruit shops open to the street, and vending wagons, where women with babies in arms, and several small children clinging to their skirts, picked over barrels of wilted lettuce and half spoiled vegetables and fruits discarded from the wholesale markets. Narrow passages between buildings scarcely wide enough for a very large person to squeeze through were actually called "streets." We felt nauseated,—dizzy—but it made us think!

In the evening we attended the mid-week service in the Mother Church, (Christian Science) having never been in this noted church before, and there for the first time in two days we were cool and comfortable, altho' the auditorium holding 5,000 was filled, the atmosphere was delightfully refreshing, restful, soothing, and the tones from that magni-

ficent organ, are a musical treat to be remembered a life time.

The next morning our friends left for Montreal and we went to Duxbury. In Boston stores closed for the first time in their history on account of the heat, all civic offices closed, everything closed that could, and ambulances rushed in all directions to take care of the people fainting and prostrated. We were happy to leave the city and ride along the beautiful ocean drive past fine estates and attractive summer cottages to Duxbury where we were to spend the next few days with friends. Our host and hostess were waiting to receive us on their spacious vine-shaded porch; this delightful home, surrounded by cool lawns and beautiful trees made us quite homesick for our own porch and pine trees in the distant north woods! Our charming hosts made us feel very much at home and "Bobbie" their Boston bull dog ran the length of the porch, jumped onto my lap, sat himself down and with head cocked on one side, pink tongue panting, looked into my face with a most cordial "now let's be friends" expression. "Bobbie" added greatly to our pleasure and was the cutest thing in dog flesh we had seen in a long time, having left our own 'Tim" at home!

After dinner we hurried while daylight lingered to drive to the Miles Standish Monument, which, built on a hill, commands a wonderfully fine view of the surrounding country, the Cape and the ocean. Here we watched the stars appear one after the other, in the soft summer sky, and as dusk deepened to evening the moon turned the ocean to gleaming silver. The air was sweet with roses and honeysuckle and pungent pine trees, the ocean wafted a bit of pure fresh breeze shoreward. I thought sadly of those narrow Boston streets and the huddled human beings in the slums gasping for breath!

The plan was to drive down the Cape to Provincetown the next day, so directly after breakfast we started. How delightful it was; flowers blooming everywhere,—birds singing, — quaint Colonial homes there and there with picturesque gardens and lovely doorways, — past shady pieces of woodland and long stretches of seashore, with fine views of blue water and blue sky framed by white sand.

We were still in Duxbury when we stopped at the home of John and Priscilla Alden. The house is completely furnished and kept up by the Alden kindred, (scattered all over the United States) and they meet there for a reunion a few days every summer. The furniture, china, glass, and wooden and iron kitchen utensils were all extremely interesting to me. John and Priscilla both died in this farm home of theirs. They had a large family, and there must have been much of happiness and much sorrow mingled in this home of the couple whose romance is probably the most noted in art, literature and history of the United States.

A few minutes later we drove into Plymouth and stopped at the Memorial Colonnade built over and around Plymouth Rock. People are no longer allowed to go down and stand upon this historic rock, too many vandals brought chisels and took away chips of the stone, so now one looks down upon the famous rock from the protecting colonnade. Not far from it in a lovely plot of flowers, shrubs, grass and garden seats stands the beautiful fountain in memory of the "Heroic Women of the Mayflower,"—with the figure of the Pilgrim Mother looking out to sea. We drove up the first street laid out by the Pilgrims, past a house on which is a tablet marking the site of the first house built by them, and on up to Burial Hill, on whose summit the Pilgrims erected their fortifications and beneath whose sod the majority of their numbers now rest. Plymouth is a pleasant town indeed, with its streets winding their way up and down to the sea, its quaint

doorways and fine old houses surrounded by flower gardens, beautiful trees, winding lanes, a broad expanse of beach, a harbor filled with all kinds of small boats form a picture to be long remembered.

Contiuuing on our way thru many pretty little towns, about noon we stopped at Craig's Beach, in Clairsville; here summer residents for miles around come to bathe and loll on the beach. Glistening white sand, shallow water, bath houses, umbrella shaded seats, pavilion,—everything to be desired for a luxurious play time. Most of our party went in for a swim, in fact it became difficult to entice them to come out and continue our journey down the Cape.

About five thirty in the afternoon, just as a thunder storm broke, sending down torrents of rain and cooling the air, we drove into historical, picturesque old Provincetown—at the tip end of Cape Cod.

Grace Thayer Bradley.

(To be continued in the next number.)

THE RADIO MAIL-BAG

The Radio Mail Bag continues to bring us so many interesting letters it is difficult to select the few to mention in this limited space. They come apparently from every walk in life and from every direction, expressing diversity of opinions, but so frank, often confiding, for the most part so friendly that they are a great pleasure and inspiration.

A letter from Muskegon comes from a couple who tell us they were brought up in the Liberal Church in the Netherlands, and since coming to America had never found a church to take its place until they happened to tune-in to the Peoples Church at the time of the dedication of our new Temple in October, and since then have been happy and interested members of our Radio congregation. We are glad to give them the liberal message they have hungered for since leaving their homeland. From Winona Lake, Ind., a young poet-philosopher wrote a letter of distinction inclosing several of her delightful poems, worthy of publication. Another letter from Indiana came from a Walkerton farm, and carried with it the full expression of a fine upright character who has persistently f o u g h t reverses which have followed and met him at every turn for many years, still cherishing his ideals, and keeping his mental freedom uncontaminated by the stress of circumstances. Giving up his profession and moving to his farm again he faced tragedy. One night his dog awakened him, sounding the alarm of fire, and his house was devoured by flames. Saving only his radio and a leather chair, he immediately went to work to make a cozy temporary home in a small summer house, saved from the flames; no sooner were they nicely settled in it when his good wife became ill and he took her to the town where she could receive proper care. So he wrote: "I am fighting it out alone now. To be sitting here alone on Sunday with nothing to do but retrospect, what a wonderful relief and joy it was to stumble on to your service Sunday via Radio! I knew of no way for you to realize the extent of my appreciation without telling you somewhat of my circumstances, hence the personal detail of my letter. I will surely be on the air with you Sunday morning." That letter which I have only partly quoted, holds a great big lesson in it! It is a happy thought on Sunday morning to know a man like that is receiving strength and encouragement from the Peoples Church. We welcome him into our Fellowship!

One of our Chicago Radio family who travels wrote enroute. He

said that on his trip to Kansas City he met a man who owns a ranch in Arizona, and finally arriving in the Desert, he from Chicago mentioned the fact, whereupon the ranch man became quite serious and said: "You fellows talk about the desert as tho' it was nothing but hot sand; but to me the desert is one of the most marvelous places on earth. Now I'm not a religious man and haven't been to church in fifteen years, but when I stand in the desert and behold its beauty and see the wonderful things it produces I get a greater conception of God than all the preaching I have ever heard could give me!" The letter continues. "So let them legislate. They can't stop a man from thinking. And if God reveals himself in the desert, legislation can do no harm!"

These are just a few of the interesting messages that have come in our mail bag. Dr. Bradley feels compensated for much of his hard work and many of his worries when he reads his radio mail and receives such sincere expressions of appreciation, interest and gratitude!

G. T. B.

THE EMBARRASSMENT OF SUCCESS

If, in the years past, the Peoples Church had not been a success, there would have been no need to erect this present Uptown Temple, no need to appeal for money, no need to sell bonds, no need for exertion on the part of many people who are now giving of their time and thought for the great Cause which their Temple represents.

But, because the Peoples Church has succeeded, sacrifice has been called for and must still be made on the part of many whose interest lies in the service to mankind which this great institution is constantly rendering.

And now, with our new Temple erected and completed, we feel that we are on the last lap of a wonderful journey, but to meet all the final bills now due contractors, to clear up every outstanding debt, the Board of Trustees has voted to launch a campaign in the near future among the friends of the church. Details of this forward-looking venture cannot now be given, but we are glad to be able to report such evidence of the fact that our church is growing and prospering.

The Executive Committee for the coming Campaign is as follows: C. K. Anderson, Chairman, Dr. Preston Bradley, Thomas A. Harrison, May H. Harrison, Nathan T. Ladenson, Mrs. J. J. Reynolds, Charles E. Selleck, and Wm. M. Stickney.

Further announcements concerning plans will be made later.

THE QUIET HOUR

Glorious is the fruit of good labours.

Behold the painter, who with Nature vies;
See his whole soul exerted in his eyes!
He views her various scenes, intent to trace
The master lines that form her finished face;
Are thought and conduct in the copy clear,
While none in all th' original appear?

Sir Richard Blackmore (1650 ?—1729)

If there were no good in others, they were not to be loved; for it is contrary to man's nature to will or love anything, but sub ratione boni—as supposed to be good. The good of nature is lovely in all men as men, even in the wicked and our enemies (and therefore let them that think they can never speak bad enough of nature take heed lest they run into excess); and the capacity of the good of holiness and happiness is part of the good of nature.

Richard Baxter (1615—1691)

We cannot part with our friends. We cannot let our angels go. We do not see that they only go out, that archangels may come in.

R. W. Emerson (1803—1882)

All the real pleasures and conveniences of life lie in a narrow compass; but it is the humour of mankind to be always looking forward, and straining after one who has got the start of them in wealth and honour. For this reason there are none can be properly called rich, who have not more than they want; there are few rich men in any of the politer nations but among the middle sort of people, who keep their wishes within their fortunes, and have more wealth than they know how to enjoy. Persons of a higher rank live in a kind of splendid poverty, and are perpetually wanting; because, instead of acquiescing in the solid pleasures of life, they endeavour to outvy one another in shadows and appearances. Men of sense have at all time beheld with a great deal of mirth this silly game that is played over their heads, and by contracting their desires enjoy all that secret satisfaction which others are always in quest of.

Joseph Addison (1672—1719)

AN HOURLY NURSING SERVICE

An Hourly Nursing Service has been recently instituted by the Central Council for Nursing Education and the First District of the Illinois State Association of Graduate Nurses, to supply competent nursing service to families in small apartments and others who have not the facilities to accommodate a full time trained nurse. This service is designed not only to utilize the benefits of skilled nursing care to the fullest possible extent but to provide a nursing service obtainable by every one in need of such care for a comparatively short period of the day. Application for the service may be made to the Chicago Nurses' Club and Registry, 116 South Michigan Avenue, telephone State 8542.

DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES OF THE PEOPLES CHURCH

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

THE PEOPLES CHURCH

UPTOWN TEMPLE
LAWRENCE AVE., Near Sheridan Rd.

Sundays—10:45 A. M.

Affiliated with: American Unitarian Association, Boston; Western Unitarian Conference, Chicago; National Federation of Religious Liberals, Chicago.

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REGULAR EVENTS

School of Religious Education—Sundays, 9:30 a. m., Channing Hall.

Woman's Club—Every Monday,

Men's Forum—Second Monday evenings, Channing Hall.

The Temple Club—Second and fourth Tuesday evenings in Channing Hall.

Church Trustees Meeting—Second Monday evenings.

THE CHURCH SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION

The Church School is steadily growing. Each Sunday morning new students are enrolled. The Beacon Course of instruction is used; it is graded and suitable for the ethical development of children from the smallest to the High School age. Mr. C. W. Denicke conducts an Adult Class at 9:30 each Sunday morning, the principal factor of which is to prepare teachers to instruct the children's classes. The School is greatly in need of more teachers, and Dr. Bradley and Mr. Denicke earnestly urge all those who are willing to devote this one hour before service on Sunday mornings to assist in the work of the Sunday School, to come into Mr. Denicke's class with the idea of becoming a teacher of a children's class. It is extremely interesting and a most important part of the Church work. A Story Hour is conducted by a Kindergarten teacher during the Church service so that parents may attend Church and bring their children to be cared for and entertained in the Kindergarten Room. Parents are always welcome to attend the sessions of the school and see it in operation. Teachers' meetings are held once a month when plans are discussed and outlined for the work.

D. Van H.

AN EVENING AT THE ISLES OF SHOALS

Dr. and Mrs. Bradley spent two weeks last summer at Star Island Isles of Shoals, off the coast of New Hampshire, where Dr. Bradley delivered a course of lectures for the Summer Conference of the Unitarian Association. So, charmed with the peculiar beauty, the history, the romance of these islands Dr. Bradley desired to bring them to those who have never known their spell in picture form. So on April 26, under the auspices of the Woman's Club, Dr. Bradley will deliver a lecture with stereopticon views of the Isles of Shoals. This will be an evening in the Peoples Church you will not want to miss. The door fee will be fifty cents, and the proceeds will be devoted to charity.

G. T. B.

GOOD FOR THE LEGION

A German who had fought in the world war with the Prussian Guards dies here in America, friendless and alone, without the money to insure for himself even a decent burial. Nobody knows him and no one claims his body, which seems destined for a pauper's grave.

A post of the American Legion, inspired in part by the recollection of the honorable manner in which the Germans had cared for and marked the grave of Quentin Roosevelt when he fell in the midst of the war, comes forward to take charge of the remains of this wandering German, erstwhile a foe. The Shoemaker Post raises the money for a simple and dignified burial, former soldiers of the United States bear the body to the grave, and render simple and suitable honors. Shoemaker Post is made up in large part of men who had fought against the Prussian Guards. They have done themselves credit and their country as well by this intimation that Armistice day is eight years in the past, and that somehow the wounds of the world must be healed and former adversaries must be reconciled, if the world is to go on in peace and prosperity.

OUR CHURCH SCHOOLS

An orthodox friend once asked of our Church Schools: "What do you find to teach in a Unitarian Sunday School? There is so much that you do not believe in, that I don't see what is left that you can teach the children."

This, of course, is the natural attitude of those who consider

that inculcating a set of beliefs is the aim of religious education. The goal of the true educator, however, is to develop an attitude towards life which will influence not only present actions and decisions, but those of the future.

Dr. H. E. Tralle, in his "Dynamics of Teaching," says:

"A university professor and his little son were walking together one day, when some boys in front of them reached over into a yard and began to pick flowers and to tear them to pieces, and the professor's son said, 'We don't do that way, do we, Daddy?'

"That boy's attitude, or fixed way of thinking about other people's possessions, was such that it did not occur to him that he could destroy the flowers in other people's yards. There was no question in his mind regarding what he ought to do under the circumstances. There was no need for any debate or hesitation. His training had been such as to develop in him a fixed way of thinking about the property rights of others that had become an element of control in his activities, determining his behaviour under certain circumstances."

If we look upon our Church School as developing a Unitarian attitude towards life and its problems, we surely find that we have a great task before us.

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS

A dramatic group has been organized in the church and will be known as "The Uptown Players." They have only been working together for six weeks but on March 8 and 9 they made their initial appearance in Booth Tarkington's humorous four act play "Clarence." Both nights Channing Hall was well filled with an appreciative audience, who were delighted with this presentation of "Clarence." If this successful beginning is indicative we predict the near future will develop players not to be classed with the amateur, and that "The Uptown Players" will readily make a reputation to be proud of. Those in the cast of "Clarence" were: Evelyn A. White, Elsie E. Hempe, Elbert C. Beardslee, Florence L. Mellum, Arthur Bluhm, Victor Holz, Ethel Partridge, Maebelle Holz, Helen G. Williams, Edward B. Zabriske, Lila Wray, Al Bluhm, and Herbert W. Bluhm. Directed by Mrs. Enid E. Schmid, assisted by Mr. John Webber. A third performance of "Clarence" was given by request, Wednesday evening, March 23, in Channing Hall, the proceeds to be used in completing a hall on the third floor of the Temple and making it into a studio theater. When completed it will seat about a hundred and twenty-five. The Temple Players plan on presenting one play a month next season. The plays will all be carefully selected with due regard to their intellectual and dramatic value. Members and friends of the Peoples Church interested in work of this character are invited to affiliate with this group.

G. T. B.

THE MEN'S FORUM

With the lecture Sunday evening, March 20, by Dr. Will Durant, author of "The Story of Philosophy" the Men's Forum closed their lecture course for this season. They have presented a program during the winter varied in type and appeal. They have invited to the platform of the Peoples Church these Sunday evening Forum meetings, men of outstanding ability, all of whom have been considered authorities on their special subject. The Uptown Forum of the Peoples Church has given the people of Uptown Chicago a rare opportunity to hear the best speakers that are filling the lecture platform on leading subjects today. Plans are already under way to secure speakers of national and international reputation for next year. Those who would be interested in receiving advance notices concerning the course to be given

next fall kindly write the Secretary of the Peoples Church, 941 Lawrence Ave. Dr. Durant's lecture has been reviewed elsewhere in this number of The Liberal.

N. D. M.

THE YOUNG PEOPLES CLUB OF THE PEOPLES CHURCH

A St. Patrick's Party was held in Channing Hall by the Young Peoples Club, March 15. The evening began with the installation of officers, which have only been temporarily held since the reorganization of the Club. At the close of this official ceremony Dr. Bradley gave a talk in time with the occasion, and was enthusiastically greeted by the young people. The rest of the evening was given over to a dancing party. The wearing o' the green was observed in many pretty ways. The hall was decorated in green; green carnations and large paper shamrocks were given to each person upon entering the hall. And when refreshments were served St. Patrick's color tinted ice cream and cakes. Some of the young people wore green costumes, and a prize was given for the most attractive. The 150 who were present will attest to the evening being a most enjoyable one. A number of splendid programs have been arranged for the meetings the next two months of the Young People's Club. Some real surprises are in store they say! To all the young people (this includes young married couples too!) who attend the Peoples Church a most cordial invitation is extended to attend the meetings and identify themselves with this Club.

K. M. S.

THE LAYMEN'S LEAGUE

The Laymen's League is growing rapidly. On the evening of March 14, Dr. W. B. Norton, Religious Editor of The Chicago Tribune gave a very interesting illustrated lecture on "Ghandi and India." Dr. Norton spent three days with Ghandi while in India. 286 men attended the meeting. At the next meeting the three candidates for Mayor of Chicago will address the meeting. It will be "Political Night" with the laymen. Membership in the League is open to the men of the congregation and of the radio audience. The Church Office, Longbeach 6878 will gladly give any information.

THE WOMAN'S CLUB

When the programs have closed on the meeting days of the Woman's Club, groups and committees are noticeable all over the hall and in every corner and every room all discussing with intense interest various plans seemingly of equal importance. The next Monthly Dinner — Aprons — The Bakery Booth—The Donation Tea—The Easter Sale—The Annual Meeting—The "Second Mile" Church Campaign! The dinners given the third Thursday each month continue to grow in popularity and have become an institution beyond a doubt. Much credit is due the different groups who have planned these dinners, cooked and served them, and made a very pleasant evening in Channing Hall for all who attended. Most everyone has been busy making aprons for the Easter Sale, as there never seems to be enough to supply the demand. The Donation Tea, given by the Board and officers of the Club will be given in Channing Hall March 25. It will be a social afternoon with music and pretty tea tables, the main feature being the Donation for the Easter Sale, which will be the price of admission. The following Monday, March 28, the Educational Dept. will carry through their program with Mrs. R. W. Lee reading a paper on "Strength and Weakness of Our Public Schools," the usual Monday luncheon will follow and then at two o'clock the Easter Sale will open with a unique entertain-

ment arranged by Mrs. Meglin, in which many of the Club's members will take part. This promises to be the sensation of the season! Anything Mrs. Meglin has a hand in will be clever! The Sale will take place during the afternoon and evening; there will be a Pantry Booth as well as aprons and pretty things, and a Plate Supper for fifty cents will be served from five to seven. Since the last edition of The Liberal, so that it was not mentioned in the February activities, Dr. Bradley gave one of the most artistic and beautiful programs in Channing Hall that the Woman's Club has enjoyed this season. He called it "An Afternoon with Modern Poets," reading selections from Joyce Kilmer, Irene McLeod, Allen Seeger, and Lew Sarett, prefacing the readings with remarks regarding these poets, and of poetry in general. And now aside from the meetings scheduled in the year book, the Dinners, the Tea, the Sale, everyone is vitally interested in the "Second Mile Campaign" which the church is putting on to raise $100,00 before Easter. It will take a long pull and a strong pull, but—if everyone will put their shoulder to the wheel we will make that second mile in record time!

G. T. B.

AN EVENING OF RARE CHARM

A musical and dramatic recital was given in the auditorium on Wednesday evening, the 16th. Helen Benson Lofgren, James Griffin, and Ruth Bedford were the artists on a very charming program. Miss Lofgren sang three groups of songs—

1. Se tu m'ami, se sosperi..... ..... Pergolsei
   Wiegenlied ..... Brahms
   Ouvre tes yeux Bleus ....Massenet
2. Si mi chiamans Mimi .... Puccini
   (from La Boheme)
3. Rain ..... Curran
   Dawn ..... Curran
   Howdy do Miss Springtime ..... Guion
   Winds in the south today ..... Scott

Miss Lofgren also sang "The False Prophet" for an encore. Her voice is an exquisite soprano, containing the twin qualities of assuredness and delicacy of tone. The loveliest moments of the evening were certainly her "Wiegenlied"—all of the gentle madness of Brahm's music was felt in that one little song.

Mr. Griffin also divided his program into three parts. At the beginning, he said: "I feel that I want to devote most of my evening to that form of literature called poetry." And then in a very whimsical way, he fancied for us, what it would mean to our lives, if everyone would take time enough to find that poet which could appeal to him.

Mr. Griffin first gave two selections from Lew Sarett, and a song "Pale Moon" the words of which were written by this sympathetic imaginative interpreter of everything in nature. Then followed a similar Joyce Kilmer suite which included Roofs, The House With Nobody in it, and the now classic Trees, done into music by Rasbach. This group was completed by the monologue "Princess of the Morning"—by Ware.

The second part consisted in readings from Sandburg and Weaver and some ballads by Irving Berlin, played and sung by Mr. Griffin. This was no doubt the most popular section of the entire program and yet it was evenly beautiful as the rest.

His third part, a reading of three Italian pieces by Daly was interestingly concluded with a rendition of the Italian Honeymoon, combined with the music and words of Roses of Picardy. This last was arranged by Mr. Griffin. Mr. Griffin has an extremely charming and entertaining manner and a rich, lyrical voice. Miss Ruth Bedford,

who assisted at the piano throughout the evening played two solo numbers—De Bussy's Reflets dans L'eau and Albeniz's Seguidilla. Her interpretations of these modern composers were good, particularly in the case of De Bussy. There was a good deal of life and color to her playing of this artist, which is often lacking in pianists who do not wholly understand De Bussy's work.

Only a month or so has passed, but I am sure that none of us who were fortunate enough to attend this evening, can count the number of times that thoughts of it have returned to give us pleasure.

Ruthanne Hermsdorf.

CHURCH NEWS

There has never been such a month as was February in the life of our church. Not one Sunday during the month did the large auditorium of our beautiful church hold the people who desired to attend. Dr. Bradley spoke during the month on the religion of four great and good men. They were Channing, Lincoln, Ingersoll and Paine. Hundreds were turned away from our services during the month. A receiving set has been installed in Channing Hall and many avail themselves of this opportunity of hearing the services. On Easter Sunday we will hold three services. The regular Sunday morning service, another at three o'clock in the afternoon and another at eight o'clock in the evening. The morning service will be restricted to members and seat holders in the church. Tickets will be issued for this service. At the other two services there will be no tickets required and no reservations allowed. New members will be received at the morning service. Over one hundred new members will be welcomed at this service.

Dr. Bradley's calendar for the month of February was as follows:

Feb. 2, Address, Laudermiek Realty Staff.

Feb. 3, Address, Cycraft Club.

Feb. 6, Sermon, The Peoples Church.

Feb. 8, Address, 6 p. m. Banquet, Waverly, Iowa.

Feb. 8, Address, 9 p. m. Banquet, Waterloo, Iowa.

Feb. 9, Address, The Peoples Church.

Feb. 13, Sermon, The Peoples Church.

Feb. 13, Sermon, Evening, Congregational Church, Downers' Grove.

Feb. 16, Address, North Shore Kiwanis Club.

Feb. 17, Address, Rotary Club, Rockford, Ill.

Feb. 17, Address, Banquet, Calumet City.

Feb. 18, Address, Elkhardt, Indiana.

Feb. 19, Address, Woman's Club, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Feb. 20, Sermon, Peoples Church.

Feb. 20, Sermon, Congregational Church, Hinsdale.

Feb. 21, Meeting, Chicago Liberal Ministers' Association.

Feb. 21, Address, Woman's Club, Peoples Church.

Feb. 22, Address, Frankfort, Indiana.

Feb. 23, Meeting, Board of Trustees.

Feb. 24, Address, Milwaukee Advertising Club.

Feb. 25, Meeting, Board of Directors, Chicago Library.

Feb. 26, Meeting, Board of Directors, Chicago Library.

Feb. 27, Sermon, Peoples Church.

Feb. 28, Meeting, Board of Directors, Chicago Library.

Weddings

Feb. 7, Mr. Charles D. Stain and Mrs. Dorothy L. Murphy.

Feb. 15, Mr. Malvin J. Murphy and Miss Beatrice M. Groll.

Feb. 20, Mr. Arling Alcine and Miss Florence Cunningham, New York City.

Funerals

Feb. 5, Mrs. Emma Birkle. Interment, Acacia.

Feb. 7, Mrs. Caroline Ziesler. Interment, Rosehill.

Feb. 23, Mrs. Matilda Seitz. Interment, Lisbon, Ill.

Mr. and Mrs. C. K. Anderson, 531 Roscoe Street, are spending the early spring at Biloxi, Mississippi. Mr. Anderson is President of our Board of Trustees.

Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Stickney, 5200 Kenmore Ave., have returned from spending the winter holidays in Honolulu.

The St. Patrick's Day dinner given under the auspices of the Woman's Club in Channing Hall was largely attended. The monthly dinners are a source of great social value to the church.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Heg of 6011 Kenmore Ave., have returned from their sojourn in southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Spelz of 20 E. Cedar St., are home again after a delightful trip to the coast. Mr. Spelz is a member of the Board of Trustees, and he will be gladly welcomed back to their meetings.

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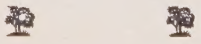

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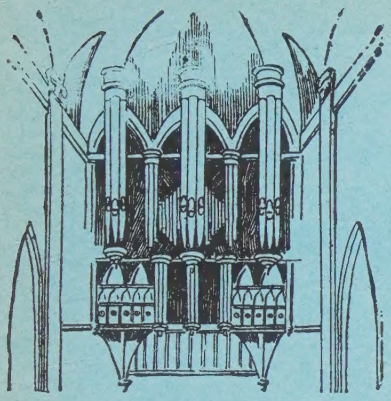

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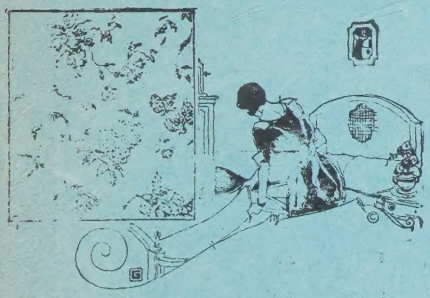

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Rupert F. Fry,
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GREAT INCREASES

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Assets	9,936,977.59
Life Insurance Paid for in 1926	16,086,173.20
Gross Income, 1926	2,936,977.59

GAINS OVER 1925:—

Insurance in force	$9,135,106.00
Assets	1,392,009.78
Income	337,839.49

The Accident and Health Department also had a very successful year.

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